Partition

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Partition

by BelladonnaWyck, raiast

Summary

“Thank you all for coming tonight to the last show on our North American tour! To end things right, we thought we’d do something a bit different. I’m sure some of you have seen our Twitter -” Will pauses as the crowd roars their agreement.

“I won’t keep y’all waiting. I hope Beyonce doesn’t hate me after this. Here’s Partition!”

Notes

Day 18 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Bodyguard

This fic idea first came to mind when I watched Beyonce's "Homecoming" ages ago and I immediately turned it into something filthy and Hannigram. Luckily my partner in crime loved the idea enough to write it with me, and now we present you: The filthiest thing we've written so far this August! (We totally dedicate it to the real life security guard who had to follow Queen Bey up and down the catwalk while she danced)

See the end of the work for more notes

"...so basically it'll be hot as fuck." Bev finishes up her rousing speech, which Will only partially listened to, and Will looks up from his phone. Candy Crush really is a time suck, but Will deserves it. Being surrounded by a rowdy bunch of degenerates like *Team Sassy* is exhausting.

"Are you trying to use Tinder again, Katz? I thought we agreed it was time for a break, hm?" Will chuckles at his own joke, but no one else joins in. When he turns, they're all looking at him. "Wait, what's going on?"

Instead of repeating herself, Beverly just gestures for Jimmy to pull out the tablet and show Will.

"What am I looking at?" Will's eyes scan the Twitter profile for his music. The most recent tweet is a poll from a few hours prior with over two hundred thousand votes and retweets.

"You'll be performing *Partition* for the final show of the tour. We promised a unique cover song to increase hype and when *Partition* won we literally sold out the show in less than a minute."

"What even are these?" Will reads off the listing. "Partition. Poker Face. 7 Rings? None of these are even remotely close to my wheelhouse."

"That's the point. We wanted something fun and unexpected to get people excited. Social media engagement is through the roof. There are hashtags on top of hashtags. You're trending right now!"

Will's sure all those words are important, but he just can't quite internalize them. He's going to sing *Beyonce. The* Beyonce. Queen-Bey. How does one even *do* that?

"It'll be fine, boss. You'll kill it like you always do. Beyonce already retweeted the results and said she gives her blessing to the - and I quote - *Kid Prince of Rock."*

"That's so much pressure." Will might be moderately successful, but Beyonce is royalty. And she'd retweeted him. Well, she'd retweeted a poll on his account, anyway, and given her support for his butchering of her song.

"You aren't getting any younger, man. This will help endear you to the younger crowd." Price laughs at Will's offended huff.

"I'm literally twenty years old. I'm hardly an old hag just yet."

"In that case, I don't suppose you'll mind if I confiscate that whiskey you're clutching illegally?" Katz snaps the glass he's holding out of his hand and downs it in one go.

Will rolls his eyes, but the banter helps him break out of his momentary freakout. Things will be fine. He's sure of it.

“Of course. Please do not concern yourself. Take care of your family and get well. We will speak soon.” Hannibal hangs up the phone after another moment of pleasantries from his employee.

His *best* employee, Francis, who isn’t making it into work tonight because his entire family, including himself, is sick with the flu. Usually, that would be absolutely fine, but tonight it means Hannibal will have to work in Francis’ stead as he doesn’t have the time to find someone more trustworthy to replace him with for such an important client.

Hannibal Lecter has been extremely successful in his nearly fifty years of life. He’d started a security company twenty-five years ago when he’d first moved to Baltimore, and had grown it to be the well-respected organization it is today, one of the best in the entire country. He’s worked hard enough that he rarely *works* in the field anymore, usually only around to check in from time to time. He trusts his people, has made sure to surround himself with hardworking, trustworthy employees.

He sighs, looking down at the dossier on the client for the evening. One night of *rock music* he supposes won’t end him. He’ll just make sure to bring earplugs.

“We’ll need you to lose the earplugs. You’ll have an earpiece in one ear and I’d rather you keep the other ear open for anything suspicious.”

“Ah, yes. The ever elusive Matthew Brown escaped confinement recently, did he not? I thought I heard something on the news.” Hannibal hides his resentment for his lost earplugs behind a veneer of calm detachment.

“Yeah, well, we have every precaution in place but as far as obsessed fans go, Matthew is considered extremely dangerous.”

“Of course.” Hannibal likes to keep things simple. He’s already reassured the team he will replace his employee personally tonight and everyone seems accepting of the change, if not a little suspect of his *abilities.*

“Aren’t you a little old to be a security guard?” Mrs. Katz, if he recalls correctly, inquires from her perch on the edge of the craft service table.

“I’ve never had any complaints about my *performance,* Mrs. Katz.”

She nearly chokes on her tiny sandwich at the implication, cheeks going a bit rosy though Hannibal is certain it’s not from shame and far more likely from mirth.

“Of course. My apologies.” She manages to excuse herself while maintaining a straight face and Hannibal decides he rather likes the brash young woman.

“Thank you all for coming tonight to the last show on our North American tour! To end

things right, we thought we'd do something a bit different. I'm sure some of you have seen our Twitter -" Will pauses as the crowd roars their agreement.

"I won't keep y'all waiting. I hope Beyonce doesn't hate me after this. Here's *Partition* !" The music starts up and Will saunters all the way to the end of the stage. He can see his assigned guard following him along the edge of the catwalk, eyes ahead and scanning the crowd.

Will hasn't caught a good look at the man until this moment and damn, he looks fucking great for his age. Old enough to be Will's dad, but he has muscles to die for. And his slicked, greying hair is just barely starting to fall into his eyes from the heat. Will wants to lick the sweat off his jaw.

It's been too long since Will got laid, he's starting to get itchy with the need to get put in his place and fucked. He gets bratty when left too long to his own devices, and he's always liked his men a little older. It's different when he wants to get fucked, he always wants to be held down and made to take it. Otherwise, when he's in the mood to be the aggressor, he falls happily between silken thighs and loses himself in his lover's folds.

He can imagine the former being the situation with the guard, can see it in his mind as he prepares to dance along to this song made of pure filth and sex. The man would bend him over the first available flat surface, work his way inside him and hollow him out like he belongs there.

Will keens at the imagined feel of a hand at the nape of his neck, holding him down, and starts to shake his hips to the music. The beat is enough to make the floorboards shake with the tremor and the combined participation of hundreds of concert-goers.

Driver roll up the partition, please…

Hannibal watches as Will strolls down the catwalk as though he owns it, his entire body already syncing perfectly in time with this new sound. Hannibal isn't familiar with the song, but the way the singer moves his hips is enrapturing. He imagines he now knows what snake charmers feel like as he watches the undulations of Will's lower abdomen, the boy's shirt riding up his torso to expose a thin trail of hair that leads below his pants.

Hannibal's eyes glance back to the crowd as things get even louder in the venue. The song must be popular, he imagines, if the reaction is so intense. He forces himself to watch for potential threats for a few moments, attempting to lose himself in the work.

And then Will is *there,* aggressively dropping to the floor of the stage closest to Hannibal on his knees, back bowed in a perfect arch, and Hannibal can't look away.

Oh he so horny, yeah he wanna fuck...

Hannibal's entire body goes rigid at the filthy words, barely audible over the pulsing sound of the music.

Oh Daddy, Daddy didn't bring a towel…

The growl in Will's voice is enough to have Hannibal's attention fully. The words drip effortlessly and naturally from his lips, as though he says them daily. Hannibal is a man full of self-restraint, but even his control is being tested by the strain of Will's crotch in his too tight, painted on jeans, and the sliver of exposed skin where his shirt remains rucked up.

Est-ce que tu aimes le sexe?

Le sexe, je veux dire l'activité physique

Hannibal nearly trips over his own feet when the young singer switches almost effortlessly to French. He thinks back on his time researching the artist, as he does all clients that contract into his service, and recalls that Will Graham spent a fair amount of his youth in Louisiana; no stranger to Cajun French, then, which would explain the perceived familiarity of the language on his filthy tongue.

French is the second language Hannibal learned, and is thus embedded deeply into his marrow. He hears the rock star murmuring the foreign words as though they are spoken in his native tongue, reverberating through his entire being.

Do you like sex?

Sex. I mean the physical activity.

Hannibal pauses in his steps, just for a moment, eyes cast greedily upon the youth as he drinks in the sight of him stalking the stage and rolling his body as he speaks, deliberately incensing the crowd.

Le coït. Tu aimes ça?

Tu ne t'intéresses pas au sexe?

He shakes himself back to attention, sharp eyes scanning the crowd for any sign of a threat. He has more important things to concern himself with than the filth spilling from a tongue not even old enough to legally taste alcohol.

Coitus. Do you like it?

You're not interested in sex?

The rest of the concert seems to fly by in a haze. Hannibal at least maintains his composure enough to do his job, following Will as he prances along the catwalk and, at the end of the show, he escorts the singer backstage.

"Not sure I caught your name, but thanks for sticking with me all night. Will Graham." Will turns, hand outstretched.

"Hannibal Lecter." He extends his hand to shake the offered palm. "It was my *pleasure."*

Perhaps he says it with enough conviction that it startles the singer because Will grips a little tighter as he squeezes Hannibal's hand. A glint of mischief in his eye.

"That so?" Will teases, clearly high off the adrenaline of a shown gone well. Hannibal has heard of performers and the endorphins, the natural high they attain from an energetic crowd. Will looks fucked out already, as though he's been ridden hard and left drenched. It makes Hannibal's stomach burn in arousal.

"I'm sure your -" Hannibal pauses as if assessing his next words carefully *"-Daddy,* will be very proud of your performance, Mister Graham."

"You think so, huh? Think my *Daddy* enjoyed watching me be filthy on stage in front of thousands of people?" Will's grin grows wider as he watches for Hannibal's reaction, and Hannibal is certain his pupils are flooding his eyes with desire, inky black pools reflecting back nothing but the panting, sweaty young man before him.

"It's just Will, by the way, no need for the formal shit." Hannibal thinks he must be reading the situation incorrectly until the boy licks his lip fervently enough that they are spit-slick and wet, bright cherry red under the backstage lighting. Hannibal watches the movement like a predator, barely containing the growl in his chest.

Will moves closer, crowding Hannibal's space. "Daddy." He breathes against the shell of Hannibal's ear, and Hannibal growls at the proximity, everything within him screaming for him to take this boy and put him in his place.

"William - "

"It's *just* Will. And for the record, I'm currently without a Daddy to take care of me." His playful wink incenses Hannibal but then he takes a step back and something in Hannibal snaps and he feels the incredible urge to give chase.

"What are you implying?" Hannibal's voice is a low, warning snarl as he crowds into Will's space, caging him against some sound equipment.

"Not much to imply. I was pretty explicit in my request for a Daddy. Weren't you listening to the song?"

Will arches against him, and Hannibal can't hope to quell the urge to reach up and snare a fistful of his sweaty, riotous curls. "I'd be happy to give you everything you're after," Hannibal assures him, clenches his fist tighter until Will gives a hiss and arches further into his touch; the scent of arousal pouring off the young thing is *intoxicating.* "But keep this act up and I'll be forced to show you a little *discipline.* That *is,* after all, what Daddies are for, isn't it?"

Will presses brazenly forward, so much so that Hannibal loosens his grip upon the young man in surprise. Will is quick to take advantage of the situation, leaning close until his lips hover a breath away from Hannibal's, a smirk twisting them as he purrs, "Promises, promises," and then swiftly and deftly ducks back to saunter away, hips swinging whorishly in his wake.

Hannibal doesn't hesitate to stalk after his charge, slipping out of the back of the venue where the rest of his security team has, fortunately, managed to keep away the usual mob of waiting fans. Will has only begun to open the door to his tour bus when Hannibal reaches him, darting his own hand forward to slam it closed once more. Will stiffens momentarily, relaxes as soon as he realizes it's Hannibal behind him.

"You shouldn't be wandering off alone," Hannibal reminds him with his lips to Will's ear before the boy can turn around to question him. "And you *certainly* shouldn't be going somewhere private that I haven't scouted out yet. I was hired for a job, Will. Are you going to let me do it?"

Will gives a nod, frozen in place as Hannibal slips around him to enter the bus first. It's empty - not that he had truly expected to find it otherwise, and it's only a moment later that he reaches his hand out to Will in invitation. The rock star accepts his grasp, ascending the stunted stairs and allowing the door to slam shut behind him.

It's dark inside, as Hannibal hadn't bothered with any of the switches, the only light filtering through the heavily tinted windows from the parking lot outside. He guides Will further in and cages the boy against a counter in the kitchenette area, plastering himself against his back and finally allowing his hands to trail the length of Will's slim torso. He rests his grip at the young thing's hips, narrow and too sharp, and places his lips to Will's ear once more, carelessly brushing against it as he speaks.

"I find myself uncharacteristically torn," he admits, thumb stroking over the bare skin of Will's hip which peeks out between his shirt and his too-tight skinny jeans. "I'm normally a very decisive man, but you've presented two options to me and both appeal to me greatly." His lips slip from Will's ear to brush against the flesh just behind it, his grip tightening on the boy's hips when the sensation sends a chill shivering through his body that vibrates against Hannibal's own. "I am sorely tempted to put you on your knees, to watch you eagerly choke yourself on me until you're in tears, that perfect eye liner of yours running messy and smeared down your cheeks."

His hands slip forward then, effortlessly twisting open the fly on Will's jeans until he can tease a hand inside. He meets a thatch of wiry hair and the wet tip of Will's dick immediately, and Hannibal nearly chokes on a groan as his own cock twitches with interest. He'd mused earlier, when he first saw the ridiculous get-up the singer was going to be wearing for the show, that his pants were so tight he was surprised they allowed movement at all, and probably weren't roomy enough for much else.

Apparently he'd been right about that. The thought of Will's body moving the way it had been during his final act with only a thin layer of denim to protect his already indecent, debauched modesty sends another rush of blood to Hannibal's aching cock.

Lips to Will's neck, now, dragging softly down the column of it before nipping lightly at the meaty flesh of his trapezius. "I think instead, though, I'm going to bend you over this counter and fuck you until you can't stand." He forces his hand further into the confines of Will's jeans, though there truly isn't much space for it, even with the fly undone, and wraps his fingers around Will's hot length. The young thing shudders in Hannibal's grasp and moans, arching back into the press of his body when Hannibal's lips find his ear once more. "Then

I'm going to take you to the bed and fuck you some more, until you're a sobbing, incoherent mess for me. Maybe *then,* when you're all fucked out and sleepy, you'll be a good boy for Daddy, hm?"

"Yes," Will groans, writhing his body to rub his ass back into Hannibal's trapped erection and encouraging the hand on his dick to move. "Fuck, yeah, please -"

"I'm assuming a naughty thing like you has lubricant stashed away in here?" Will nods fervently in lieu of responding, a pitchy whine pulled from his throat instead when Hannibal finally relents to stroke the length of his boy's surprisingly thick cock. "Condoms?"

"Bedside drawer," Will gasps, *"Please,* Daddy," he whines again when Hannibal releases him, earns himself a playful swat on the bottom for his troubles.

"You'd best be undressed for me by the time I get back," Hannibal warns lowly, delighting as the words send another visible tremble through the singer. "Hands on the counter, legs spread."

Hannibal retrieves the lubricant quickly, only dallying long enough to take in the small details of the boy's life; a metal board full from edge to edge with magnets from places all over the world, a row of shot glasses on a shelf, and finally the box of unopened condoms. Something primal snarls in the back of Hannibal's mind to know his boy hasn't been touched by another recently, his need to be buried within him intensifying.

When he returns, Will is beautiful in his submission, following Hannibal's commands nearly perfectly. Nearly being the operative word, and the reason why Hannibal will need to provide swift punishment for his deviation. He's bent at the waist over the counter, the edge biting cruelly against his hips, and he's gone even further than simply spreading his legs and has reached behind himself to hold his cheeks open wide, exposing his waxed hole to Hannibal's greedy gaze.

Hannibal steps forward, a finger brushing idly over the furled flesh. "Filthy thing, do you get fucked so often you've taken to grooming?"

"Like how it feels when I don't wear anything underneath my jeans," Will purrs, and Hannibal swats his ass in retribution for his failure to follow his orders exactly to the letter.

Will hisses in surprise, and Hannibal chuckles before bending low to his ear. "I believe I told you to keep your hands flat on the surface of the counter, did I not? Instead of following a simple order you chose to show off like a whore, flaunting your body when it wasn't what you were instructed to do."

"Sorry, Daddy," Will's voice is smooth as silk as he moves into position, full of sin and the promise of depravity that Hannibal hasn't had the good fortune of experiencing for quite some time, always too occupied with his work. Tonight, Will *is* his work. And he plans to give the boy his best performance.

"I don't particularly believe you, but I can assure you that you'll be *very* sorry by the end of the evening, little slut," Hannibal growls, dropping his voice and letting it drip with promise.

A visible shiver runs through Will's body and Hannibal can't help his smirk. He truly is a lovely specimen, all youthful exuberance and cherubic beauty and grace.

His curls are starting to flatten to his nap and temples from sweat, and his skin glistens in the low light of the trailer. Hannibal finds himself admiring him for a beat longer than is necessary, but he allows himself the gesture. "Spread your thighs wider."

Will complies immediately, his movements unsteady and full of a nearly vibrating anticipation. Hannibal can understand his impatience, the young man before him is trying every ounce of stoicism and patience Hannibal has available to him.

"Are you gonna fuck me now?" Will teases, and it only makes Hannibal want to make him wait longer, see how long he can force the boy to stave off his pleasure in order to please him, but he *needs* to be buried within the younger man, and won't force himself to wait a moment longer than is required to get Will ready.

"I'll do whatever I like, I imagine. You've offered yourself up to me like I'm the one paying you rather than the other way around. I believe I've earned my right to do as I please and take my time," Hannibal taunts, dragging his fingers lightly down Will's flanks where they are sweat-slick and trembling. He lets his fingers slot into place between Will's ribs and holds him in place, popping the lid of the lubricant with his other hand and drizzling a liberal amount between Will's cheeks, placing the bottle on the counter beside him and using his fingers to spread the liquid in tantalizingly gentle circles, only barely pressing in with just the tip of his fingernail.

He can see Will's body grow taut, his muscles coiled tightly in anticipation, and it inspires him to go even slower, getting Will wet and relaxed before he makes him filthy and open. He bites his lip to quell the groan that threatens to pull from him when he finally sinks a finger inside, relishing the tight, suffocating heat of the boy's body. Will is not so restrictive with himself, offering a lovely breathy sigh as he tilts his hips back, encouraging Hannibal to press even deeper.

"Enjoy that, darling?" Hannibal murmurs, pulling back and slipping in again slowly.

Will gives a small, impatient huff, arching his back deeper still. "I'd enjoy it more if it were your *dick* splitting me open."

Hannibal leans over him, fitting his lips to the shell of Will's ear. "All in good time, greedy thing. Your tight little ass isn't ready for something quite so big, just yet. I'm liable to hurt you if I don't prepare you for it properly."

Will groans at that, panting out another whine when Hannibal slips a second finger into him. "I don't mind if it hurts. Like it rough -" his sweet voice breaks on the last word when Hannibal spears his digits into him and crooks them, seeking the spot that will have the boy shaking with pleasure immediately.

"I mind," Hannibal informs him. "I'm meant to be watching out for you, after all. I *could* make you take it all now, use your body for my own pleasure and leave you torn and limping. But what do you think your manager would have to say about that?"

“My manager can fuck off,” Will insists, words pushed out on another groan as Hannibal pulls out to pour more lubricant and then slips inside again. “She doesn’t own my ass.”

“No,” he agrees, a smile curling his lips as he rubs insistently against Will’s prostate and pulls another delicious cry from the boy’s throat for his troubles. “No, that would be *me* at the moment, wouldn’t it?”

“Prove it then,” the young rock star snips back, a snarky bravado bolstering his voice. “Get inside me already.”

Hannibal knows when he’s being baited, but allows the boy to succeed in it regardless. “Very well,” he relents, tone conceding and wistful as though to silently tack on *don’t say I didn’t warn you.*

He wastes no time unbuttoning his slacks, not even removing them before he pulls his cock free and slips it along Will’s slick crack, letting the head catch on his flushed rim. He doesn’t tease him for long, ripping one of the condoms from the package and tossing the paper down to crinkle beside Will’s cheek where it’s pressed to the counter. Hannibal slips the latex down his shaft and then pushes in between one of Will’s heaving breaths and the next, unrelenting and firm. He grips Will tightly by his hips, relishing in the warmth and tightness of his body.

“Fuck, Daddy,” Will grunts between clenched tight teeth, his nails digging uselessly against the counter. He doesn’t even try to hide his wantonness, shoving his hips back against Hannibal and working to sink him in all the way to the hilt.

It doesn’t take long before Hannibal is seated inside him fully, hips flush against the boy’s plush ass. “Stay still, Will. Let me take what I want.” He warns, pulling nearly all the way out before slamming home again, the sound lewd in the small space.

“Please, please,” Will whimpers, and it’s beautiful how he’s falling apart so readily for Hannibal, skin flushed and body so welcoming.

“Be a good boy, darling. Let me have you,” Hannibal purrs, setting a grueling pace as he thrusts in and out of the clutching heat. “Just like that, sweet boy. You were made for this, made to take my cock.”

“Yes, Daddy, *harder,”* Will pleads, and Hannibal wouldn’t deny him even if he could. He’s moving fast enough that he feels the vibrations all along Will’s body, plastered to his back now and keeping him held down. He imagines the boy will have bruises in the morning from the impact, and he finds he wants to be there to mouth at them in worship.

Will comes, completely untouched, and it’s a surprise to them both; Hannibal so caught up in admiring the body spread out beneath him that he’d missed the signs. “Sorry, don’t stop, please don’t stop,” Will whines, breathy and high as he breaks his order to reach back and claw at Hannibal’s hip.

Hannibal slaps his ass in punishment, and moves his hand back to position, leaning low enough to bite into the exposed flesh of Will’s nape. When he pulls away he growls, “Stay

where I've put you. I've no intention to stop, darling boy. I told you I'd have you sobbing for me by the end of the night."

Hannibal's pace never slows, hips moving almost cruelly now, Will gasping and writhing in his overstimulation.

He fucks him just like that for several long minutes, a firm hand to his nape to keep him held down when the boy starts to writhe and try to pull away. He can feel his own release building, and it's only when he's nearly at his peak that he pulls out without warning, leaving Will sobbing for an altogether other reason, the emptiness probably like a hollow ache between his thighs.

Hannibal grabs him by his arms, lifting him until he's flush to his chest and then wraps a hand around his throat, breathing into his ear. "I'm not finished with you yet. You wanted to be a slut for your Daddy and I've promised you something haven't I, dear boy?"

Hannibal keeps one hand to his throat to hold him in place and then forces two fingers deep into Will's empty body, crooking them immediately. Will whimpers, words slurred indecipherably as he nods frantically, his body bowing back beautifully against Hannibal as though desperate for more even as his cheeks grow wet from the overstimulation.

Will sags in Hannibal's arms, and Hannibal releases him so that he slams back against the formica countertop, drool pooling wet and thick from the corner of his mouth to settle against the counter. Hannibal is quick to finish undressing with his one free hand, stepping out of his pants and underwear and kicking them uncharacteristically to the side.

Hannibal pulls out again, dragging him to the bed and throwing him against the unmade sheets. Will doesn't move, behaving perfectly, and Hannibal smirks. "No smart mouthed commentary, then? Was a cock inside you all that was needed to quiet you, bratty little thing?" Hannibal teases, crawling over Will and pressing him into the sheets.

"Wrap your legs around me, darling," Hannibal murmurs against Will's mouth, kissing him roughly, teeth digging into his lips as the younger man complies.

"Daddy *please,"* Will begs, and Hannibal doesn't believe Will even knows what he's pleading for any longer, simply needing *anything* Hannibal will give him.

He enters him again, slower this time, his cock dragging against Will's relaxed walls smoothly but fully, keeping him stuffed as he so desires. "You've been such a good boy, sweet thing. Should I let you come again? Since you came already without permission?"

Will's eyes grow wide and eager as though he hadn't considered his previous orgasm as breaking any unspoken rules. And, to be fair to him, Hannibal hadn't explicitly told him to wait. But it's lovely all the same to watch Will's eyes flood with only blackness and his cheeks flush pink in his sudden shame.

"None of that, darling. You can come for me again can't you, sweet boy? You'll do it because I've asked it of you." Hannibal reaches between their bodies to wrap his hand around Will's

rapidly filling erection and drags his palm along his shaft, keeping his focus to his over sensitive head.

Will keens, tossing his head back as more tears spill down his cheeks, even as he arches into Hannibal's touch and clings to him all the tighter with his legs. "Yes - *fuck* - yeah, Daddy - Hannibal - *please -"*

Hannibal tuts him softly, bending low to drink up Will's scattered words, relishing in the taste of his boy's cries. "Such a joy, to be buried deep inside you," he murmurs against Will's trembling lips, his hips beginning to shift as his hand picks up pace. "You gripped my cock so nicely when you came before, darling. I'd love to experience that again; your greedy hole milking me of my release."

And his lovely boy, so impossible to anticipate, gives a breathy chuckle at his words. "Make me come again and I will," he demands cheekily, even as his words are broken by soft gasps.

Hannibal, ever one to rise to a challenge, releases his hold on Will's cock and rears up, seizing each leg slung around his waist and forcibly hauling them up to rest over his shoulders. Will gives a lovely moan as he's manhandled, and then Hannibal grips the boy's slim hips, tilts them up, and *fucks,* and Will is reduced once more to wordless cries of pleasure.

The young rock star scrabbles at the sheets around him, his body bowed up into Hannibal's grasp as much as he can manage, and Hannibal is sure to strike against the boy's prostate with every brutal thrust. It's not long at all before Will chokes on a cry and tightens around him, choking on a gasp as his cock spurts his release untouched once more, this time painting his stomach and chest with pearlescent stripes.

Hannibal buries himself as deeply as he can one more time and relents, allowing the warm pleasure that has been building low in his gut to unspool and coil through the rest of his body. He regrets his fastidious nature momentarily, resenting the way the condom he's wearing traps and holds his release when he suddenly feels a desperate and primal urge to mark and claim the boy wrapped around him.

He drops low once more, allowing Will's legs to fall from their perch on his shoulders to frame him bonelessly, dipping down to lick into the boy's gasping, breathless mouth one more time.

"Spectacular," Hannibal murmurs, and Will gives a breathy laugh, swatting at him carelessly.

"Back at ya."

There's only so long Hannibal can linger, his cock growing soft within Will's tight hole and the condom still to see to. He's reluctant to pull out but does so all the same, tying off and disposing of the latex before he begins to sort out his mess of clothing on the floor.

Will is not quick to do the same, first languishing in pleasure as he writhes and stretches on the bed, and then sitting up, legs bent and arms resting on his knees as he watches Hannibal dress, head cocked to the side in thought.

“European tour starts in a week,” the boy notes out loud, and only the slightly breathless edge to his tone would betray the fact anything untoward had just occurred at all.

“I heard. I see you’re making a stop in Florence. I would highly recommend you take every advantage of that location as possible. It’s truly a breathtaking city,” Hannibal advises as he shrugs into his shirt.

“Maybe you could show me around a bit,” Will suggests, halting Hannibal’s fingers - suddenly numb and fumbling - as they attempt to do up his buttons. “I think I’d like you to lead my security team on the tour. I know as the head of the company you usually remain based in the States but…”

Will trails off, successfully baiting Hannibal into glancing in his direction, meeting eyes that shine mischievously as a smirk spreads out across his kiss-bruised lips.

“I just felt very *safe* with you tonight, after all.”

A rare surge of excitement and anticipation flutters and swells in Hannibal’s gut, and he’s hard-pressed to stifle his own smirk when he murmurs his response; it’s easy to relent, to surrender himself to this willful little creature. He’s aware enough to know, and not too prideful to admit, that his agency had been seized from him from the very beginning, where Will Graham was concerned.

“Well. I suppose if it’s a matter of *safety* I can hardly turn down the request, can I?”

Will’s playful smirk stretches into a beaming smile that is genuine and *hopeful,* and something else Hannibal isn’t quite yet ready to name.

He mirrors it all the same.

End Notes

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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